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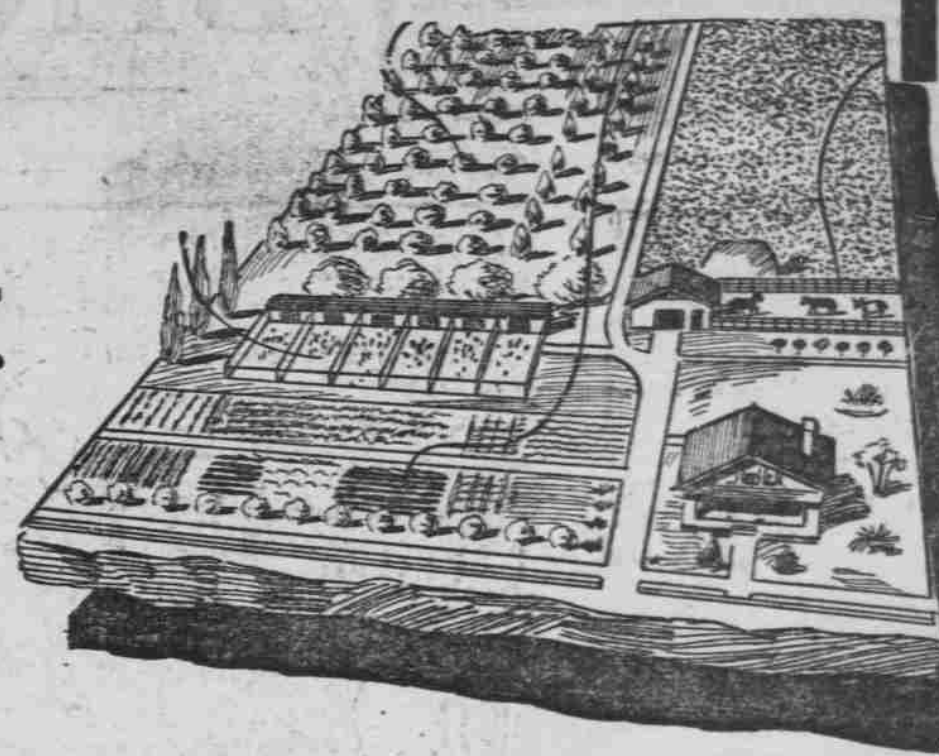
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A Sunday With the Scotch at Maple Hill

Tom Powell, Topeka business man and sportsman, is going to try to introduce the English-Scotch game of soccer in this section of the country. He expects to put on a soccer game in Topeka in the near future. Tom's Topeka team, composed of descendants of the inhabitants of the English shires and the Scotch glens, went up to Maple Hill last Sunday and was amused all over a forty-acre lot by eleven husky Highlanders of that vicinity. But Powell is not discouraged. He proposes to patch up the holes in his defense and trim the Wabunian branch of the Scotch clans before Christmas.

It is a great game from a spectator's point of view, this soccer. That is, it is when played by these earnest Scotchmen of single purpose. The Maple Hill game was described in the State Journal last Monday by the sport writer, but the game is really worth further mention by another member of the staff. The sport man never saw a soccer game before, neither had this writer. But then that doesn't make any difference. It is an open game. Nothing covered up. No hidden details or smothered intricacies. Then the story has a preface.

The Maple Hill game might have been buried in the Wabunian county hills among the legends of the Scotch ranchmen up there but for Ed Kellam, the Bell telephone man of Topeka. This is the preface, not the story of the game. Kellam is a football fan from the far goal of the first field. He had heard about this soccer game and it sounded like football. He made inquiries over the phone to the Scotch friend at Maple Hill and found that a football was used, also the feet, but not the hands. Kellam decided to go, so he invited Dr. "Jimmy" Stewart and a couple of newspaper men.

Kellam's Smith Car. Kellam has an old Smith car of the vintage of 1906. He spent the first mile of the journey apologizing for his car, its lack of speed, antiquated engine, flat-footed carburetor, delayed transmission, etc. But it was an honest car in the Smith Auto works in the spring of 1908. Shiny, new, light, fancy cars have come and gone since Kellam ran his Big Smith out of the shops and climbed the Rocky mountains. And this car slips along at forty per. No hill trouble, no hill trouble, no rough road trouble. The car steers 'em all up alive. Plenty of oil along the road with the hoods raised and the owner half among the works and engine wheels. Kellam locked the door of his car's hood six months ago and has mislaid the key. We made the twenty-six miles to Maple Hill in an hour and fifteen minutes.

It is a Great Road. The road to Maple Hill. It is one of the best roads America Sunday was one of the last of the ideal days of a fine fall. The upper road on the north side of the river to Silver Lake is a good road. But the road from Silver Lake to Roseville is a grand road. It had rained a few days before the trip, but that made no difference with that road. It is the Golden Belt road east and west across the Mississippi valley states. The man who calculated its grades and estimated its levels and allowed for storms and flood and the ravages of the changing seasons.

The north river road from Topeka west passes through the fairest portions of the Valley of the Kaw. There is no more beautiful farm country landscape lying outdoors. September had stolen the chill from a November sun, but the haze of a late fall lay on the river and part of the valley. It was the harvest time, and gold had come in the place of the green of summer. The men from town gloried in the view and stopped their machine often to look and drink the Kansas meadows and hills and reaches of distance and abundance of crops. The Kansas farmer in the Kaw valley is a plutocrat, and that is a fact. Why he should care who is elected president or governor is past comprehension. Not a Caesar, exacting a tribute of 40 per cent of his substance, could keep him from becoming a holder of stocks and bonds in impoverished city institutions if he had a mind. The cornfields were granaries and the wheat was a beautiful pea green in the sunlight. The car-

tle, fat and sleek and 40 cents a pound, brouned on thousand hills between Topeka and Silver Lake. And the fruit trees and cabbage plants and fat pasture land mocked the poor, lean newspaper men from the city. Of course, this mockery does not apply to Kellam, who is portly, and to Doctor "Jimmy," who is fat.

An auto trip up the Valley of the Kaw on a bright, clear, cool day is a blessing free from disguise and clear of suspicion. The men who are responsible for the roads in this part of Shawnee county ought to have medals on their chests and crowns in their houses.

Landed an hour late for dinner, but that made no difference. They have a short order house in Maple Hill. The restaurant man showed a dinner menu, meals at all hours, cash with meal. He served the meal on a little table; the platters were big. They covered the table and we placed the side dishes on chairs. But it was a good dinner.

Jimmie Fyfe, Scotchman. The short order emporium, he is understood, occupies the rear end of the store building. A Scotchman from the crags and glens of Auchendrane conducts a general store in the front of the building. Jimmie Fyfe is his name, and he is worth a story longer than this article all by himself. Kellam looks like a Scotchman and Jimmie Fyfe thawed out to the telephone man, telling him what car to take at the depot to reach the soccer grounds, and a lot of other valuable information that Kellam absorbed with gravity.

Dr. "Jimmy" Stewart found a friend, Silverthorne, also a doctor, and he showed us the way to the grounds, which were really in an opposite direction from that pointed out by that jolly old joker of a Fyfe.

The soccer grounds occupied the center of a big tract of meadow land and appeared to be admirably adapted for any kind of a game. A large crowd of Scotch had gathered at the grounds to see the game. They came from the ranches over the county. Big men, most of them, florid of face, earnest of manner, speaking a deep Gaelic tongue that would have warmed the cockles of John MacDonald's heart had he been there to hear. They love the soccer game as their fathers had loved it before them, and their fathers' fathers. They love it because it is played out in the open in the sun and wind; be-

cause it takes speed and strength and staying power and gameness to play it. Judged from the gathering at the soccer field that afternoon, Wabunian is one of the luckiest counties in America in the matter of the men who tell her fields and conduct her business. The writer looked at these men with envy and admiration. He also felt sorry for Dr. Silverthorne. Of what use is a doctor among such men? They looked impervious to all the ills of the flesh except death. Yet this doctor appeared to be happy and prosperous. He must depend upon adjoining counties for practice.

Now about this soccer game. The preface looks to be longer than the story. The writer has handled football, baseball, prize fights and other races and contests too numerous to mention, and yet he hesitates at this story. Well, any way the game looked to be like this: Hoping all the time that the Scotch lovers of the pastime will not hold the errors in technique and the blunders in description against the writer for he is for them and their game, and for them strong.

Reid and "Stonewall" Jackson. The two teams lined up at 2 o'clock sharp and they looked pretty fussy in their short stockings and high pants as they pranced around in the sunlight on the green sward. The Topeka players looked small in front of some of those Maple Hill highlanders. A man named Jackson played half back for Maple Hill. He is nicknamed "Stonewall" Jackson, and the title is well applied. This Jackson is as big as two men and he's so strong that he works harder trying to hold himself in than he does at anything else. His partner in the back field was a Reid. This Reid is not as big as Jackson, but at that he is built like a bear and his face is seamed with the wind and wear and stress of three countries and the life on an English battleship and the weather of the Scotch glens and the sun of the Kansas plains. Reid works on the Adams ranch near Maple Hill, and an idea can be gained of his capacity when it is narrated that he played through the game like a demon and then went blithely home to work off his surplus strength and energy by feeding five hundred head of cattle. I have wandered off the subject, I admit, but I'd rather write of Reid than the game. He has a face like Battling Nelson's fighting face at its worst. His jaw is set in cement

and the lines out from the edges of his eyes look like the stories of all the battles of the hundred years' war. And yet to more than offset this are his eyes. Blue and Scotch and kindly and gentle. Reid and other Scotchmen of his stamp rank A No. 1 above the clouds in the Bradstreet of friendship because their breed weather gaies and are staunch in battle. They are not to be confounded with the fair weather friends who are there for ornament only. It was a man like Reid that a writer of Scotch classics had in mind when he said of a man.

"He's not so very bonny. But he's lead to those he loves."

I want to write about Jackson, too, and his feats of strength and his good nature and his skill as a soccer player, but if I do I will never tell about that game.

Remember that in soccer the players cannot touch the ball with their hands. They must kick it. They can use their heads or their bodies to stop the ball or push it along, but the use of hands means a penalty. A goal is kicked between the goal posts and under not over the bar. A goal counts a point. At the kickoff the teams lined up not unlike a football match. It looked mighty fine. Some one kicked the ball about a mile and then the 22 players came together and every one of them kicked at the ball at once.

Made of Stern Stuff. I thought that at least ten men would be laid out in the first onset. But it was not so. They were made of stern stuff, these players. A kick on the knee or the shoulder or the shin did not count for a fly. A man spun around on his ear and Dr. "Jimmy" Stewart lamented that he had not brought his medicine chest and surgical instruments, so he could help Dr. Silverthorne patch up this player and some seven others who had been kicked. But the man got up like a panther and chased down the field after the ball.

It was a great game. Not a doubt of it. Those players kicked that ball to the four winds of heaven and the ways of the waters of the sea. They blocked it with their heads as cleverly as a juggler balances his properties. The forwards would "dribble" it down the field with his feet just ahead of pursuing players, ruling it as tenderly as a mother teaches a kiddie to walk. It was art. And then would come a mixup that makes the capture

of a fort look like an old lady knitting a stocking.

Topeka Players Were Game. The light Topeka forwards played a fast clever game and held their own most of the time with the heavier Maple Hill men but in the back field where "Stonewall" Jackson and Reid and Warren played for Maple Hill there was no comparison in the play of the opposing teams. The three Maple Hill Scots guarded the goal like a bulldog watching a baby buggy. Jackson stood like a tree. Reid had the displacement of a battleship. Warren covered the ground like a crop of wheat.

The Topeka back field men were game all right, but they did not have the tonnage. When the Maple Hill team came down the field toward the goal it was the tide coming up the first of Solway. When the Topeka forwards by speed and cleverness got the ball started down towards the Maple Hill goal and it looked like a point for sure, there would be this man Reid plowing his way through the whole team to kick the ball away; or Jackson in imitation of a sixteen cylinder seven ton auto truck to kick the ball full force. No one knows how far Jackson can kick a soccer ball. He don't know himself. Jimmie Fyfe declares that the actual measured distance is a mile and three-quarters, but Fyfe may be mistaken.

Kicking a "Human" Goal. The Topeka goal keeper had more troubles in the game than a bear in a bee yard. Three times a goal was kicked on him, the ball passing by in a twisting curve like a brown streak. Then finally he caught one of these kicks and hugged the ball to his breast in triumph. Down on him came Stonewall Jackson and Reid and three more of the glegfoot Maple Hill clan. The goal keeper went down in a heap under the rush and then three eager Scots lifted three large feet at one time and kicked that unfortunate goal keeper through his own goal posts. He hung to the ball, so of course the count went down for a goal for Maple Hill. A Scotchman among the rooters on the sidelines swore joyously in the Gaelic tongue and bore witness to the blue skies above him that never during 25 years devoted to close attention to the great game of soccer had he ever seen a goal kicked just that way before.

The Topeka goal keeper got up with the worst grinch this side of the Balkan war zone. But he was game to the core. It was part of the game of his fathers. He rubbed his shoulder and stomach and his side. From these manifestations of interest in pain the writer judges that these were the three places where the goal keeper



Miss Anelyn Bushnell Here in "The Confession" November 27.

had been kicked with shoes. In the scrimmage he was kicked three times at once and the places were hard to pick, either by eye or by the camera. But this goal keeper played out the game. He limped on one leg and one shoulder drooped a little, but he played with gameness and understanding to the finish.

A Famous Player Still. There was a Maple Hill player, one of the forwards. A slim, keen Scot, with a face like a hawk, hair gray as a badger and standing up like a shock. He was a bearcat to follow the ball. He could turn on his toe like a cork-screw and he kicked in cunning fashion from every angle known to the compass. It is said that he was a famous player years ago in Scotland. He is a famous player still in the eyes of one Topeka newspaper man.

They finished the game at 4 o'clock. The Scotch of Maple Hill were happy. The Topeka players, though beaten, had no cause to feel bad. The canny rooters at the ringside gave them commendation for having done well against odds. That Maple Hill team ought to compete with any class in the west.

Some one took a little boy in kilts and wearing a Scotch bonnet, off a pony and then they set Tom Powell, who had refereed the match, on top of the beastie and led him off to town.

Dr. "Jimmy" the Official Photographer. Dr. "Jimmy" climbed on top of the crank to start the car. Kellam lighted the starting gear with a match and we were off for home. It was a dandy trip. Of course there were a few little disappointments, but they did not count in the final audit of the books. Dr. "Jimmy," be it known, was the official photographer of the expedition. But he knows more about lancers and pills than he does lenses and focus. His pictures showed up like patches of brown on a fevered brain. That is, some of them did. Others looked as though they had been taken from a distance as far as "Stonewall" Jackson can kick a soccer ball.

Kellam took a few pictures himself. Three of them turned out pretty well and are used, along with the one of Jimmy's that had been given right by accident.

Home in the Twilight. Kellam is some driver of an automobile. He coaxed that old Smith car into believing that it had perpetual youth in its tank instead of gasoline. Dr. "Jimmy" took off his

hat and sat on it. The wind whistled by like two callopes. We passed seven stylish cars with ease. We saw four others dead by the roadside and caught fragments of the fervid conversation with which their owners addressed the ancestors of the men who built those engines back to the sixth generation.

Made the distance of twenty-six miles in an hour and ten minutes. And yet Kellam said his car wouldn't run. Driving a 1912 model six cylinder sixty horse car, Kellam would have arrived home in thirty minutes, but he was tired.

When there's anything doing at Maple Hill we are all going back again. Reid has promised to show us the big Adams ranch. And besides we want to see Jimmie Fyfe once more and get him to tell us about Bruce and John Dawson's ancestors up among the border hills.

Mrs. Brown-Smith. They must be very happily married. Mrs. Jones-Robinson. Why do you think so? Mrs. Brown-Smith. Oh, they see so little of each other—Judge.

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Maple Hill Bridge over the Kaw.



This is the Scrimmage where Kneecaps and Shins Suffer.



Rolling the Ball With His Feet.



When the Maple Hill Scotch Kicked Goal With a Topeka Player.